

HAPPY.
BY JOHN CORNWALL.
I could not help loving Ralph Wallace. His glorious black eyes with the gleam of mischief, and the smile playing about his lips, never left my mind after I had first seen him.
My friends said that I should not be so much with Ralph, for he was a stranger, but they did not know that our hearts were pledged to each other.
I used to wonder what made him so wild at times.
His dark eyes would look upon me so sorrowfully, and when he spoke his voice was low and sad.
At one of these times he said to me: "Bella, my loved one, try and teach me to forget the past and do better in the future."
I laughed at him and said: "Why, Ralph, what have you done that you should wish to forget?"
What an agonizing look passed over his face! He covered it with his hands, and murmured:
"My God, play me!"
I had caused him pain, and I was sorry. Pulling his hands down I kissed his brow, and said:
"Forgive me, Ralph, and tell me nothing that would cause you pain. I love you, and that is all I want to know. A sweet smile of relief came, and he said, tenderly:
"God love you, Bella, and do. I shall know a care."
These words made me very happy, for I was young then, about sixteen. I thought I would have loved Ralph Wallace all the same, if he had been an angel or a devil.
We were married.
How handsome Ralph looked that morning, and how proud he was of his little bride.
We had a sweet cottage home in the country, about five miles from the city. Every day Ralph drove into the city, and after office hours would return home again.
The days were lonely, but the evenings—Ah! how pleasant they were.
Sometimes we would wander into the garden, and there, under the trees, would sing together, while Ralph would play the accompaniment on his violin.
Eighteen happy months went by, and to our home was added a sweet little son.
Our dear little one was named Ralph. At this time my husband never spoke of his past life, nor did I wish him to do so. Indeed I never thought of it.
I knew he was happy now, for he was never sad, and the sorrowful look had worn away, giving place to one of quiet content, and that was enough for me.
One morning he left baby and me with kind and loving words, and a promise to bring baby and his "little man" some sweeties when he came home to tea.
Shortly after he had gone, a lady called to see him.
The name on her card was: Estelle Hamilton.
Some might have thought her handsome, but I did not.
I could not bear the way she looked upon my baby boy.
Her blue eyes were so cold, and when she spoke her voice cut through my heart as if it were some deadly weapon in the hands of an enemy.
I gave her Ralph's address and she left the house.
All day long her face and voice haunted me. I could not tell what made me feel restless.
Ralph was a lawyer, and of course had business with persons of both sexes and all classes. This I knew very well, but somehow I could not get rid of the feeling that this woman wanted to see my Ralph.
Tea-time came, and the black veil of night descended, but Ralph came not.
The sun was high up in the heavens the next morning, when a letter was handed to me by Ralph's office. It was from his mother. His first wife, one whom he had thought was dead, had, as if it were returned to life, suddenly appeared in his life from me, his only love.
I would not have believed this, but the letter was written by Ralph. In his own hand-writing, and how could I doubt it?
I read more.
Long ago when Ralph was only eighteen he was involved in marriage with an artful woman.
Having discovered that the one whom he had thought was dead, and who was only a traveling adventuress, he foolishly sought to drown his troubles in drinking. In frequenting these drinking saloons he made the acquaintance of men whose profession was gambling.
Of course he played, too, and in a very short time he had lost his money, and his fortune which had been left him by his father.
Discovering this his wife abandoned him. Ralph then went to a new state, where he was unknown, and studied law.
Three years he had spent in this place, when he read the notice of his wife's death in the papers.
Shortly after this he came to St. Louis and practiced law. It was here I met him, and believing himself a widower we were married.
And now I was alone and in deep sorrow.
Estelle Hamilton, the woman with the cold blue eyes, had caused all this trouble.
She had put her death in the papers to deceive Ralph, whom she had never lost sight of.
She had seen him married, but said nothing until he was happy in his bright little home.
Then she came forward.
Plainly she told him if he wished her to keep silent he must pay her monthly a sum of money.
But he scorned her from him, and giving her a check on the bank, demanded her to leave the city.
His papers were then placed in the hands of a friend, and he left for—me I know where.
For eight weeks I hovered between life and death. At last I was well.
I often wished I had died then. It was so hard to live and bear my cross patiently.
And yet I had to laugh and talk, and be the same as if my heart was not broken.
I don't know how the next seven years passed, all I noticed was my babe had grown to be a tall, black-eyed boy.
One evening Ralph and I were sitting in the twilight together, when he said:
"Mamma, did you read about the ship that was burnt at sea?"
I said "No," and he ran and brought the paper and read the account aloud.
Then came the list of names, and in his clear, bell-like voice my son read the name of "Estelle Hamilton!"
He knew not who she was, and read on, but I heard no more.
Estelle Hamilton burnt at sea! But Ralph—where was he?—the dear one who had taken from me.
Would he return to me now? I knew he was not with her, but perhaps he had crossed the river of death long ago.
Three months after I received a letter with foreign post-marks; but the address—ah! it was written in a dear, familiar hand.
It was from Ralph—my boy's father—and he was coming home to his dear ones once more.
Many said that I ought not to speak to

HAVE YOU

Hot and dry skin?
Sore throat?
Swelling of the face?
Vague feelings of uneasiness?
Prothy or brick-dust fluids?
Acid stomach? Acid indigestion?
One side headache?
Cramps, growing nervousness?
Unaccountable languid feeling?
Short breath and plethoric pulse?
Albumen and tube casts in the water?
Frequent attacks of the "blues"?
Fluoritis and discharge of the bowels?
Fifteen rheumatic pains and neuralgia?
Loss of appetite, flesh and strength?
Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels?
Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night?
Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water?
Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin? You

YOU HAVE

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The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear and reappear in the most irregular manner. They are the result of a constitutional disease, which breaks down the kidneys, and causes blood poisoning, diarrhoea, rheumatism, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis or convulsions, and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a rare one—it is an every day disease, and claims more victims than any other complaint.
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TESTIMONIALS.

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Mr. Clark, of Clark & Meador, one of the largest grocery firms in New Orleans, says: "We have had three of the largest size Registers in our store for the past eighteen months, and consider them perfect accountants, and an absolute check upon mistakes in cash. Our clerks become well acquainted with the Register the first day it was in the store, and the second day not one mistake or error occurred."

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